EUGEN EVU

INTERIORUL NINSORII

ROGVAIV

LIMES

Eugen Evu

*

Interiorul ninsorii

Colecţia MAGISTER

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EUGEN EVU

INTERIORUL NINSORII

Rogvaiv

Antologie de traduceri

LIMES

„Ho dato á quella patria astratta
La devozione e la fioritura verso l' interiore
Come un albero arrotondato andante
Il cui unico frutto non si può vedere
Nè sapere
Quando il tronco che l' ha sostenuto
Crolla –"...

Eugen Evu, *Mi sono trovato/*
M-am întâmplat („Il Convivio", Sicilia)

...„Lo scrittore Eugen Evu è nato il 10 settembre 1944, á Hunedoara, Romania. É membro dell'Unione degli Scrittori di Romania, (Filiale Alba Iulia/ Hunedoara), membro d'onore dell'Accademia di Scienze, Letteratura e Arte di Oradea, e accad. di onore Academia di Poesie, Accad. Internazionale Il Convivio Sicilia. Redattore Capo della rivista di letteratura, arte e aperture europea, membro dell'Accademia Internazionale «Il Convivio», Castiglione di Sicilia, Italia, con la quale ha una stretta collaborazione. Abbraccia diversi generi e specie letterarie: la poesia, la prosa, il saggio, la pubblicistica, il teatro breve".

(Medaglia d'Argento Puro – Premio Internazionale „Coppa d'Oro", „e premio internazionale di poesia" Il Sentiero dei Briganti", Cellere, Italia... ed altri prestigiosi premi in Rumania, Italia, Germania, France e Espagna. e alter numerosi premi. E mail: evueugen@yahoo.com)

Eugen Evu et les métaphores plasticiennes…

„Un postmodernisme controversé a conduit quelques poètes et non des moindres, à l'abandonner pour faire déferler, sur la poésie, un tsunami où les vagues venues de loin, lourdes et légères à la fois de l'empathique transmission d'un état poétique, pulsions du grand large de leur émotivité, submergent l'univers de l' écriture émotive et directe. Donnant au langage le pouvoir de traverser les coulisses du silence et au poète Eugen Evu celui d'exprimer son besoin de dire, donnant au poème sa particulière écriture et donnant enfin à celui qui lit le rôle du chercheur qui traque la faille par où saisir le verbe dans sa nudité, afin de poser ainsi les jalons d'une totale communication avec elle, voilà la poésie d'Eugen. Nous entrons alors dans le paradoxe d'une situation pas toujours difficile à vivre: dilemme, irritation? Les mots sont là: erratiques, palpables, disponibles, prêts à respirer, bref à entrer en poème. Et cependant malgré le poids de millénaires d'existence – toute l'existence de l'Homme – les voici vierges ou presque face aux fondamentaux problèmes de l'esprit. Entre ce qui est – la finitude du moment: l'intention d'écrire – et ce qui devrait être – l'écriture exhaustive, la

pérennité de l'instant – les poèmes d'Eugen Evu jettent un pont et, par delà les embûches et larmes, demeurent l'unique témoignage des pouvoirs sans cesse nouveaux de la conscience."

Eugen Evu şi metaforele plasticizante…

„Un postmodernism controversat a condus pe unii poeţi, şi nu dintre cei mai mici, la abandonarea lui pentru a provoca zgomotos, asupra poeziei, un tsunami în care valurile venite de departe, grele şi uşoare în acelaşi timp, prin empatica transmisie a unei stări poetice, a pulsiunilor marelui larg al emotivităţii lor, să copleşească universal scrierii emotive şi directe. Dând limbajului puterea de a traversa culisele tăcerii şi poetului Eugen Evu pe cea de a exprima nevoia sa de a zice, dând poemului scrierea sa particulară şi dând în sfârşit celui care citeşte rolul de cercetător care caută falia prin care să prindă verbul în nuditatea sa, pentru a pune astfel jaloanele unei totale comunicări cu ea, iată poezia lui Eugen. Noi intrăm astfel în paradoxul unei situaţii nu întotdeauna greu de traversat: dilemă, iritare? Cuvintele sunt aici: eratice, palpabile, disponibile, gata de a respira, grăbite să intre în poem. Şi totuşi, în ciuda poverilor mileniilor de existenţă – întrega existenţă a Omului – iată-le pure sau aproape în faţa problemelor fundamentale
ale spiritului. Între ceea ce este – finitudinea momentului: intenţia de a scrie – şi ceea ce ar trebui să fie – scriere exhaustivă, perenitatea momentului – poemele lui Eugen Evu aruncă o punte şi, dincolo de capcane şi lacrimi, rămân unica dovadă a puterilor fără încetare noi ale conştiinţei."

(*Le Miroir vert,* Paris. Linda BASTIDE,
Ex Vice-présidente de la Société des Poètes français. Membre de la Charte des Auteurs.
Membre du P.E.N club français. *Poètes à vos plumes*, Paris)

Un gran poeta...

„Sus poemas tienen esa sabor unico de los autores que han bebido en esencias de las diversas culturas y logran conjugar

admirablemente la sapiencia humana con lo estritamente clasico y lo moderno. Tienen sus textos esa sabiduria que dan los anos y tranajar en los mas disimiles oficios, est la sabiduria de las enciclopedia, pero mas viva aun permanence en il tiempo la sabiduria que se adquiere en el constante bregar de la vida, y esas nobles fuentes se alimentan sus poemas....«Rezerva de duioșie, es precisamente un hermoso remanso de aqua fresca en el cual vida y sus continuas vicisitudes se eternizan en amorosos textos yue aluden al hombre que es Eugen Evu ese gran poeta que destino puso en la mitica tierra de Hunedoara, Transilvania"...

(Acad. Prof. univ. Carlos Chacon ZALDIVAR,
escritor, Cuba)

„Eugen Evu sorprende certamente molti lettori che si acostano alla sua poesia. Strano, inspiegatbile, pieno di una mitologia personale e capriciosa, marcato con il sigilio de l'assurdo, sull'orolo della rabbia, mostra compasione per ogni forma di sofferenza... La sua expressione possiede certamente qualita autenticamente vere."

(Accad. Angelo MANITTA, Italia)

„Un frumos lirism se regăseşte în cărţile lui Eugen Evu, care ştie găsi cuvintele pentru a spune «pecetea catarctică» a lui Dumnezeu, la fel de bine ca «gustul sărat al libertăţii». Există ceva de viziune naivă în această poezie, dusă de o istorie întreagă, hrănită de antice sentimente ca şi de emoţii provocate de lumea contemporană, ca bunăoară, în foarte frumosul poem «Tânguirea mierlei»…

(Pierre DUBRUNQUEZ – critic, redactor-şef
al revistei pariziene „Poésie", 1999)

„Si tratta di una delle ultime pubblicazioni di Eugen Evu, uno dei più noti e vulcanici autori romeni. Ha al suo attivo molte pubblicazioni, non solo di poesia, ma pure di narrativa e saggistica, ed è soprattutto giornalista, dirigendo anche la rivista letteraria «Provincia corvina». La poesia di Evu in «Poeme interminabile» spazia in una tematica molto varia, andando dall'amore alla natura,

dalle riflessioni filosofiche ai pensieri intimi di chi ha lottato e continua a lottare per la vita. Il suo linguaggio, spesso duro ed ermetico, affascina per la sua emotività e per il suo calore che coinvolge il lettore. È la sapienza e la saggezza di chi sa trasmettere il proprio messaggio agli altri, riuscendo a sintetizzare in sé diversi messaggi culturali e poetici in un rapporto continuo e costante non solo con la sua terra, ma guardando e sapendo guardare anche oltre, verso la poesia dell'Europa occidentale, sentendo appunto il suo stato d'animo più romano ed europeo che orientale. Questo rende la sua poesia moderna, ma nello stesso tempo classica, mostrando una freschezza che sa sempre rinnovarsi ad ogni opera, sempre nuova e diversa, sempre colma di emozioni."

(Acad. Angelo MANITTA, Italia; Eugen Evu, *Poeme interminabile*, Editura Singur, Romania, 2012)

„Este vorba despre una din ultimele cărţi ale lui Eugen Evu, unul dintre cei mai cunoscuţi şi vulcanici autori români. Are la activ multe publicaţii, nu doar de poezie, dar şi ficţiune şi non-ficţiune şi este mai presus de orice jurnalist, conducînd şi revista literară «Provincia Corvina». Poezia lui Evu în «Poeme interminabile» are intervale într-o tematică foarte variată, mergînd de la dragoste la natură, de la reflexii filosofice la gândurile intime ale cuiva care a luptat şi continuă să lupte pentru viaţă. Limbajul său, de multe ori dur şi ermetic, fascinează prin emotivitatea sa şi prin căldura ce implică cititorul. Cunoaşterea şi întelepciunea cui ştie să transmită propriul mesaj altora, reuşind să sintetizeze în sine diverse mesaje culturale şi poetice într-un raport continuu şi constant nu doar cu patria sa, dar privind şi ştiind să privească chiar mai departe, înspre poezia Europei occidentale, simţind în special statutul inimii sale mai mult română şi europeană decât orientală. Aceasta face poezia sa modernă, dar în acelasi timp clasică, demonstrînd o prospeţime care se reînnoieşte continuu în fiecare operă a sa, mereu nouă şi diversă, mereu plină de emoţii."

(Din Revista Academiei Internaţionale „Il Convivia; nr. 51, Italia, trad. de Loreta GERI)

Il poeta esiste sempre

Trad. di accad. Angelo Di Mauro

Il poeta esiste sempre.
La poesia diventa.
Emozioni ed ombre di imagini
Che corrono sui campi energetiche eleusini.
Traddure è un'utopia.
Il ciello è stellato anche durante
Il giorno. La morte ha solamente la parte
Delle ombre
Nella pittura …

Il Poèta

Trad. di Angelo Manitta

Io sono una fonte melodiosa,
Sostanza di risonanza spigo della luce.
Io sono la notte di ogni giorno
La tua arma che canta sono.
L'attimo quanto una notte... L'onda
Coltello meandro ostia del pane.

Traduceri în engleză, spaniolă şi italiană de
Elena Raluca WEBER

Signature

On the milled edges of a coin
The Astral hides its rib
The finger put the mark of its being
Into the kiss, white twitching the bite
To the endles Genesis it gives its
Signature

Heaven's Dew

Between human and god.
What sufferance oh thee!
I total loss I burn subdued
Retreating thy, you light of me
As to become, deceive pursued.
It's not my, death, but mere paradox
A suspect from beyond, as goal

A doua alungare

Some kind of third-like equinox
(The fourth's concealed in quint, sole)
Desire I am! The close in the afar
Reductive shine, sacred vibration
Belonging to the sun beyond the death of tar
Trough singing dew. I fly-barefoot.

Metaphor

Dew-like jingle, (all thinking and sweet
Hangs on your car, in most playful play) –
Earring of cherry; two as they meet
Overripe, steaming of ice whilst they stay.
Pared metaphors, twins in being
From branchy summit for you have picked
The kiss of bite, too innocent in feeling

Belonging to a bab's mouth.
The sky is twitching
On lips of thristy word its stiching.

Aguantar ...

Aguantar
Que tu belleza
Sea el tesoro
De algunos ciegos...

Il destino

Tu, eden non edificato
Prima di una nascita
Nadir e l'orizzonte nel conoscere.

Parte non abitata
Del nostro cuore gemello

Nord non vedente
Della memoria sacra

Dalla notte venendo
Che sogna la luce

Protteto il sè gemello
Indistruttibile seme
Nella luce in luce

Pensiero che mi riflette
Tramite i pulsatori
Del sogno sfere

Parola che diventa
Il fare anche in sù
Azione
Rinnovatore senso della Vita

Certificando ciò che fu

Nascosto nella diversità
dei numeri
fin quando
ritorneremo
in Patria.

Dedicate

Ssma. Maria Teresa Liuzzo

Ridiventi nel mondo

Per questo ho sofferto sono morto
La vita della vecchia memoria:
Ridiventi nel mondo
L'immutabile lo Sanguinando come
Sostanza
Brillare di nuovo pulsando
Il piccolo sole
Della perla.

Il poeta

Se qua, dovunque,
Si construisce qualcosa
Lasciate alla cura del poeta
Le finestre.

Traduceri în italiană de
Marilena Rodica CHIRETU

GIARDINI SEMANTICHE

La poesia come anima

E sbocciato con imprudenza
il piccolo melo roseo selvaggio e
la ostilenevischia lo ucise
Così sa è non ha parole
Per raccontare la nostra anima
tral'inverno ed il mondo di sogni.

Anamnesis

Fruscio della canna di onde
Pare che mi ricordi
L'ondeggiante foresta di Balsa
Tropicali giganteschi
In sole giovane bagnati
Splendori
Il Paradiso selvaggio
Nel quale con i piedi nudi
Ho vagato
È una sfera di luce
Palpitante
Indirizzandosi
Mi riempie di pianto…?

L'amaro del miele

Amore, amore non ti saprò
Tu sei solo l'ombra della foglia, celeste,
Tu sei solo geroglifico di un bacio
Del bocciolo di sotto l'esca.
Una mela lacrimante in queste parole
Della quale mordo e butto in disparte
I noccioli amari, nascosta al fiore libro,
Nella verità che dolcemente mente.

Amore, sempre più vivo quando passa
Dopo che è compiuto il lavoro del tradimento-
Dopo che i frutti con la loro carne fredda
Svelano i noccioli l'amaro del miele.

Il nido del serpente

Per poter distinguere
Nel buio scrivo
Quello che non s'impara è vivo.
(Nessuno mi ha insegnato
di leggere il nido del serpente,
ma l'ho letto).
Ho sillabato l'infanzia
Del cielo
Sull'albero in sù dalle radici
I sospesi nidi. per arrivare da l'altra parte
così come tramite volo non imparato,
ma saputo si è tornato nella canzone eterna
l'ucello del paradiso
inutilmente qualcuno mette trappole
con la sua vita, con il trascinamento
della conoscenza
Quello che non s'impara è vivo
Per poter distinguere mi ricordo
(io ho letto il nido del serpente
io ho caduto il volo il cielo l'ho sa).

Mysterium tremendum

il fervore di essere nel paesaggio come parte
ed ugualmente, luce che contempla.
Somma delle vibrazioni che si abbracciano
Ondata stanata è rivenendo sinfonicamente
Per esptimerlo tra l'amore.

Taumaturgos

Nella beatitudine, dove la cercata assetata
Trova il suo sciame cresciuto del ruscello.
Io stesso, nella moltiplicazione insaziabile
Ridevenendo mano mano che di nuovo mi perdo
e portato nell'estasi; intravvedo dell'Eterno
Inefabile che mi offre il Chiaro dell'Origine
Ne paura, ne misterio, ne fascino.
Ma Gioia di esistere diventando

In sintonia con Tao

a te, corpo offero, portatore passegero del mio
Occore di restituirti pia riconoscenza.
Ceramica sacra, nella quale troppo doloroso
sono stato brucciato.
Per vedere la Luce, essendosi.
I desideri che spezzano e si autodistruggono
Con inferma cenere-le parole, fine polvere
Di oro alla Luce, che sovvravive solamente tra
La desstruzione tra i salti, come le casche di acqua
Nell'interno della stana memoria.
Tra nevisci e febbri, insieme
Sottile tra le limiti, quasi perso;
In Assompzione, per essere quello che sei tu –
Triomfare nel colmo della perdita.
Dalle strutture fessurate; le tue sofferenze
Mi ho le assumato; senza pietà, ti ho esposto
Per alzarti
Perche lì, dove la parola è il Fiore Della Divinità
Che diventasse di nuovo Essere,
salvato dal pericolo
della morte vaso profondo, brucciato
dalla bocca dell'abisso
Sei rimasto intatta, tra la Sostanza Sognata
do alla Divinità l'offerta
Ultimo fumo del sacrificio.
Istantaneamente passero

Tra il bacio di Quello:
Nella dimensione che sempre diventa.
Il Triangolo della Trinità canta in armonia
E l'imponderabile occhio mi scrutta
Dalla luce del suo squardo:
Capisco il segno della riconoscenza del figlio.
Calmo, nell'ascesa che lentamente mi divide
Fino quando mi abbraccierei
DIVORANDOMI.

Ludens

Maria Teresa
Senti il numero del mio nome?
Molto tempo fà ti ho incontrato in un verso
Subito l'ho cancellato, cammino,
dala sue traccia camminato.
Non altre cose, ma ogni giorno,
questo splendore di morire un
Addio come metafora sboccio
Non il Se, ma la Se, non la luce
Il fecondo desiderio, a se sacra colpa.

Rare volte

Rare volte ho interpretato (ed abbastanza bene)
La mia parte di me stesso ugualmente chi
L'altro gemello, gemela con Se
L'affettuoso femminile
La Se in senza vergognia.

In pienno giorno

Sempre a qualche passo indietro
Proprio la morte
La scacci con lo sguardo
le conti la pazienza
Bruciano I giorni
di notte.

Traduceri de
Dănuț GRĂDINARU, Italia

xxx

Tre sorelle luci
nell'orizzonte
mi hanno benedento con fiori
da un lato all'altro
la follia salta
tellurica sotto scalpelo
trillo din triluce!
bruciare vergine
bene-male urbiaco
insieme
euphorion
perdita di sè
sciame d'api
attraverso spezie pure
di torbidi colori
falciando aure

Il Poeta

Io sono una fonte melodiosa, /
Sostanza di risonanza spigo
della luce/ io sono la notte
di ogni giorno/ la tua arma che canta
sono/. L'attimo quanto una note...
/ Landa l'eco/ Coltello meandro
ostia pane.

Eres

Più giù dal paradiso
È un sentiero spinoso
Di coltello che penetra l'osso
Contorto e strappato
Meandro e rotto
Di tradimenti santificato
Là nel sogno dell'uomo

Spiralato genomo
Serpente-aquila-albero
Sacro inginocchiato
Se stesso profanato
Gemello spaccato
Bell'uomo ubriacabile
Deità seminabile
Di notte illuminabile
Di giorno usbergato
In logos crollato
Serpente deità glifico tagliato.

Il grande cambiamento

Proprio adesso si rivela
(Gran virada gran cambiamento
Die grose Wanadlung)
Il grande cambiamento
Scorre la luce in sé stessa
Tu sei quello che stai cercando
Tu diventi quello che è
Seme che fiorisce frutto. Nella grande,
Immortale storia.

Alte traduceri de
Marilena Rodica CHIRETU

Blitzende Ricostituzione

– enunciato retorico –

Il concetto
Della globalizzazione
Estratto
Prelevato dalla storia
Non è altro che
Consapevoleza
Dell fatto
Milenario
Manifesto
Che le razze
Evitano
L'estinzione
La specia risarcisce
Il primordio
Babilon scapato
Dall sotto controllo
Elohimico
Ricovero della
Condizione

Ramificazione giunta di
Germogliazione – fiorire
L'arbore della vita.
Verticale sopra
L'orizontale.

La poesia come anima

E sbocciato con imprudenza
il piccolo melo roseo selvaggio e
la ostilenevischia lo ucise
Cosi sa e non ha parole
Per raccontare la nostra anima
tral'inverno ed il mondo di sogni.

Alquanto-il virtuale

Èro alquanto nel mezzo di quel campo di lino
sbocciato
ed ugualmente all'interno sferico del testo
Nella semantica alquanto virtuale
Del primordiale
Recessivo illo tempore sacro
Èra come già rivenisse in fretta
il raccolto
Giustificava sìa il divino senso, sìa il lutto
Un sentiero tra i mondi alquanto
virtuali
Intratessendo i miei vestiti con il mio essere
Alquanto virtuale, come il pallore sotto l'astro
i risorbe la parte stralimpida
Per attestare
Che sta diventando Nel como
Della luce Blu.

Citta in difficoltà

per Maria Evu

Pero non quella astratta, la citta scrittica,
Ma in agonia, nella quale è, tuttavia, il tempo
Delle cigliegie
e delle fragole e delle violentazioni.
Mi fu proibito di morire quando voglio.
Tra le mascelle di questa astrazione,
Tra quel buono e quel cattivo,
Mi fu proibito di accusare, ma di cantare,
di sopportare, di diventare.
Ma non quello astratto, l'attuale, uomo,
Il provisorio, in corrente transizione.
Pero, non sulla terra, pero non dagli uomini
quello che sa di più morire, cantando
che moia ogni giorno, che giustiffica il senso

Perche sempre qualcuno deve sacrificare
E arrivato come un chiave
della Luce. Un giorno, viveremo.
Vedremo. Stupiremo
giardini impolverati Con le nostre fioriture.
Tra la fame, freddo e pazienza
Solamente l'anima non è ne il mio
Ne il tuo è nel suo sottile e strano
orizzonte si trova una soglia
di Daimon.
mondi nei mondi, dapertutto instantaneo statico
In qualche posto la morte
E la divinita del proprio desiderio
affamato l'infinito ritmendo le galassie
La splendore delle legioni con infiniti gerarchie
Il tremo
… doratura che canta nell'estuario dell'Aorta
Bocciolo di un logos in lutto-tu, poesia.

La scala sospesa

Come un cosmico orgasmo, ciclico graduale
La vita e un preludio con tresalti erogenici
Fino che la morte si rissorbe I semi
del niente
Strana e solamente la scala senza fini
La scala sospesa ondaggiando tra noi e li dei
Sia che hanno promesso e poi
hanno fugito di altri dei
Sia che fratempo sono spenti
e ci hanno dimenticato
insieme alla loro superiore morte
la destinazione ed il nome.
Ci rimane che noi stessi diventiamo
e lontano, nel cielo che li troviamo il cenere
In gelate urne
Che li prendiamo a casa e che li ricordiamo
Cristianamente

Nel nome di una legge che nasce e fa sparire
Le galassie e le conchiglie delle chiocciole.

Il girasole

Quello che non saro; pero piu vero;
coltivatore di strattidal semiotico stratto,
ai seminari della scalza luce, verso Nord,
dove l'aorta navata mi fu anche fiordo
e giocatrice isolazione ed attente erore
tra polsazione ed il semantico Fiore
intravvedendo, tramite assenza
e quasi negazione,
quello che sara verita, rivelazione.

Ludens

Abilmente improvvisa un fiore
insieme all'amico radiestesico che colorisce
dove la brucciatura è sbocciata sulla camicia
(come un tatuaggio, rudimento
della lettera Alpha)
Sorprendente estetica
della sofferenza della natura;
L'ha plagiato morendo soportabilmente.

Ludens

Il mio vero nome lo sa il vento
Che in quel momento, pero un'altro, stava zitto
Per lasciarmi nascere.

Pastelli

Il vecchio calandra delle graminee
Macchia erori di cicoria e papavero.
Dimenticato dai giorni,

il Cigliegio a mille nidi
Soto il quale ho visuto la mia infanzia,
come un povero angelo.
Questo vago profumo indeciso –
(Ricordato dal paradiso?)
Come il fruscio della vaniglia
sotto il fermato verso
Prima di tornare in sogno.

(impressione audio)

La memoria della poetessa
Anca Pedvis di preservarlà
in un certo modo, elettroni che nevicano
un dolore di caos ferito, un'essenza diventata ispida
non il sè, ma la sè, il femminile in su torto.
Parti si dividono e trasferiscono in rictus
dimenticato sulla bocca, morso da un bacio.
Per esempio Da Vinci, che scriveva e dipingeva
col mano sinistro, non creava
tramite l'infinito dello specchio,
ma tramite effrazione dale
zone adormentati deglli dei
abituati alla gelosia delle donne.

Acriliche

Stanno cadendo I fogli, si contano da soli.
Sulla lunga memoria dell'autunno
Ieri come se non fosse, domani arrivera
Solamente Ora un addio. Un colchico
di mando – di mattino
L'ho raccoltata dalla traccia di un orso:
Il suo significato la mantenera in vita.
Cade il nome del foglio. Si spegna da solo.
Rami, d'un tratto diventati leggeri
Arrotondando sotto ala il vuoto.
Lentamente galleggiano anche queste parole

rallentando volendo
l'incendio. All'inizio fu l'illisione
e l'ombra della luce galleggiava sopra le acque:
Esse c'erano prima della parola –
come non scriva in La Genesi.

Ludens 2

L'ombra salle il recinto
Col sole-nemico, sul dietro, al mezzogiorno.
Quattro stagioni del cuore: spezzato in due
Lo stato di sorveglianza che mi sogna.
L'angelo cieco mi beve dalle parole la rugiada
Lui umanamente sta delirando.

Rare volte

Rare volte ho interpretato (ed abbastanza bene)
La mia parte di me stesso ugualmente chi
L'altro gemello, gemela con Se
L'affettuoso femminile; la Sè in senza vergognia.

Semiotica

Piccolino melo selvaggio
Le tue frutta sono diventati acri
Solamente il tuo fiore roseo
Voltolata in su come la malva
Dalla dolcezza non crescerebba,
Verme per sè non essendo…
Solamente l'odore vago è sogno
(L'imprudente tra quello che ho scritto)
Tra fessura di struttura O è bacio, o morso…

Il cristallo ammalato

Il vuoto dei ginocchi nel coccio del palmo
palpita la dogana per passare

nella torta convulsione
la mano che scrive lontano di un tratto cade
uccello d'albero strappato.
il cielo del mondo è misteriosa porta
in sè una vecchia ambra
(il solo letto della fedele Penelope)
il satiro inghiotisce il mondo
è pinge inutilmente.

Inferno

il demone scuote I giardini
la memoria cresce carne torbida in sogno
la donna partoriva sotto la croce del carretto
le luci sanguinano sul cammino uciso
l'inferno bambino disabituato di cantare
affrettava le fioriture
disepolti con le mani.

Ritorno

Il pensiero attorciliato in abisso
ingagna la parola invecchiata
il serpente alzando perpendicolare
sventura eretica:
sente, vede e scrive

La mia carne protestante – I tuoi seni bizantini.

In pieno giorno
Sempre à qualche passo indietro
Proprio la morte
La scacci con lo sguardo
le conti la pazienza
Bruciano I giorni di notte.

La memoria della poesia

È si ci sono in un paradiso quasi paralelo
L-antimateria trascende l-abisso
La sostanza ride rispecchiando la nudita
Nella sofferenza della materia fioresce la chimera
Scaturendo quasi qualcosa di inumano
Ci sogna di più la poesia
Tramite un sublime senza schermo
L'essere tagliato aspira al tre
Astrale pugnaleto e tatuato di chimere
La memoria dei poeti arriva agli dei
Ed essi la chiamano Resurrenzio

La febra dei papaveri rossi

La tenerezza del sole verso sera.
I papaveri appena essendosi lì fa rabbrividire –
Dormono pianure
Protette nel fremito di tutto
E dal cielo profondo sorgono
Volti, raffigurati in dolci silanci
Verso la luce che li spera.

Lo specchio spezzato

Il diluvio canta nelle ruote del carretto
la parola prega la sventura di lasciarla viva
la possessione in comune torna nel rame
con campanelli nevicati alla dogana
la lingua cattiva si sbatte, coplisce
il virtuale abisso che cresce
portateci subito la metallica scala
il frutto succosocon pelle amare
l'uomo nudo, il femminile per una sera,
verso l'alba desiderando di morire.

Ritratto strappa

Descrivendote, ti porto
via anche l'ultimo respiro
dal pugno di madreperla della memoria
un nome ti do
tra il distrutto che giustifica
il deo il desiderio
ti offro come dono
per la sua fame di sè.
Cenere che ritiene la luce.
Abito in un libro assolutamente da solo
esiliato lontano dal sorriso del serpente
dall'opera suicidaria.

Continuo diventare

Niente di tragico niente di felice
Uno stato in continuo diventare
Al di sopra e al di sotto la Parola
Un torcero nell'eterno mutamento
Ci sono per mirare esprimere sottomettere/
Il gioco delle Aure per fare
Ci sono se ci sono per fare/ scorrere l'esistenza -
Insieme brucia la carne/ ed il pensiero

Il Poeta

Io sono una fonte melodiosa, /
Sostanza di risonanza spigo della luce/
io sono la notte di ogni giorno/
la tua arma che canta sono/.
L'attimo quanto una note.../
Landa l'eco/ Coltello meandro ostia pane.

Il grande cambiamento

Proprio adesso si rivela
(Gran virada gran cambiamento
Die grose Wanadlung)
Il grande cambiamento
Scorre la luce in sé stessa
Tu sei quello che stai cercando
Tu diventi quello che è
Seme che fiorisce frutto. Nella grande,
Immortale storia

Traduceri în engleză de
Muguraş Maria PETRESCU

The Missing Link of The Chain
(Matakiterani or *L'Ombelico del Mondo*)

Ladies and Gentlemen
The Universe is spherical
spherical are the cores
and the Logos
Stop looking anymore
for the missing link of the chain
cause The Woman is
the missing link of the chain
(*The angel tied up l'ombelico*
and the suture was obturated.
Automatically memory
was separated)
Man's
scratched-healed up breasts
bring to an end the demiurges'
tattooed signature
We march forward
or where do we go?
"we keep on advancing to death
going backward"
i.e. toward
what we know
The Paradise was lost
and the hell was lost too
(eunuchs are "for the sake
of the kingdom of heaven")*****
The instinct of hunting accomplishing
Mutation
in perfection.
You will subdue the third dimension
everything being very close.
It already happened
Ladies
and Gentlemen
Evolution is nothing but an ordinary

Plagiary.

** "The Bible" (English Standard Version, Edition 2001), Matthew 19 : 12*

Ars Poetica
Or The Womanliness of Art

A silky Shadow, in vibration,
coloured for good by sleeplessness
World's bizarre dream, into-creation,
dreaming of pro-creation and Existence
Of evening's sacred Innocence
The Virgin's cosmic Genii
Erecting shrines to glory's Absence
A constant presence, through the ages…
An aeon mad about the light
A woman's Art in angels' sight

I Offer You Poetry as A Fruit

to Mrs. Marilena Rodica Chiretu

Dissimulated in your feminine name
Generally naked
You are like a loving lily
of shadows
I descend in love and shyness
To lift you
Swimming in the fragrance
Of your skin
From the birth of the world
Remodelling of eternal desire,
Sweet hunger, greed of
live matter of impregnating
divine symphony of innocent desire
In nature with a frantic
groan,

The youth of the night
Storm galaxies and
Re-learn who we are clenched
into us, we are also searching
for love
Sobbing, I give body to flight
In the morning, you seem to have come
from far away
You find nest in the new metaphor
You defy the invention of the flow
of death
An infinitely undecided danger
with prolonged orgasm
my melodious sphere!
(We are One from before the word)
A Logos embodied
as a vibrating fuse
Transmitted through telepathy and
ecstasy of the Origin
The Angel appeared to have
  implored something
Between birth and Apheyron
And we don't wish to know
As we couldn't bear to find
In knowledge…
As fruit, you have offered me poetry
The bitterness of honey
Love, love, I shall not know you
you are only the shadow
of the leaf, celestial,
you are only the hieroglyph
of a kiss of the bud under torchwood
a tearful apple in these words
from which I bite and I throw
aside
The bitter stones,
hidden book of the flower,
Into which it sweetly lies

Love, always more vivid
when it's gone
After the work of treason is done
After which the fruit with
their cold body
Reveal stones with
the bitterness of honey
Lilies, lovers of shadow
or fusion
Allow me to spring them
from the emotion of old
Prudence. The fossil of emotion
Appears to be the sparkle of stars
It unites us. We are given to taste
Never full as spirit
Thirsty from body and cut
Through words…

Arrière-garde – Gigachakras Drifted Away in Migration –

Gardens which by themselves pick up
one by one their cavernous rottenness.
As a life death in itself
Keeps on rolling on and on.
The kingdoms accomplice in the underground
With those co-participators
in the rebel vertical.
The crisis of communication troubles the aeon
arts turn into a death which is sick in itself.
Everything is but scraps of introspection.
The fields tilled with the roots of humanity
turn out the molecule into a giga-memory.
Does the phreatic remember frenenetically
the amphibian proto-genesis?
The mammary glands of the ocean

hanging up in the dualism of the procreation.
Oh, the hermaphrodite scripts. The madness of waters
regressing within the chlorophyll and the cold barriers
of the semantic nests… The divine's lonely oneness.
The mimetic hermetism of the chakras.
Worn out of its sap deity, your body a flat blind orgasm.
The change of perception according to which
The synapses pierce tragically
The smile of the mind...
The twin wind
vectors algorisms of words
with brilliant snows on the back
calling thee!
The woman who possesses you in your sleep
The divine bare-shouldered insinuation
laying you down on your back
with that very sacred hunger of oneself
of mother-creation.
In mollusca
As in giga-chakras drifted away in migration.
As a life death in itself
Keeps on rolling on and on.
Arts which by themselves pick up
one by one their cavernous rottenness.
Seeds which draw back
multiplying the cold light
of the essences.
Do we burn too much?
Much more closer the stellary murmur
(of the African bees?) Is the Cyclone
extorting from the world's memory
a new gnosis?
The madness of a lucidity
Which derives from the Hibris?
Do we forget what death hides from us?
The ammonites and the small little clouds
Into the splendour of the Sons of the Sky.
Who are you, the one who defends yourself

Misleadingly promising consolation?
Energies toll in my head with a resonant sound
Will they make themselves obvious
Within this synergic race?
Bygone echoes and songs
come back to the present... As if somewhere
they're rejected by a finiteness
or maybe the deity that the genii
of the Schizo-hermeneutic Magna
don't talk about cause they're dying with sleep?
My skull forward rolled
On the other shore of the Aeon
tempests sing to themselves
I throw harpoons and lasers
as rebel as you have cast me
and much too loving while you've hidden
they will all expect for thee
and for thee they'll all do suffer.
Yet, they all will do hunt thee.
In mollusca
As in giga-chakras
in migration…
Arts which by themselves pick up
the second awakening
As a life death in itself
Keeps on rolling on and on.

The Second Expulsion

– I hear the non-substance … –
The bells and the music deafened the city!
The sleep in the mortals and objects is dead
Of the psychedelic the non-entity,
The famine at first, no more I can stand.
Alas, the slender, thinned mortal who beats a retreat
Into the last and the ultimate woods of the times!
The other way round the vigilant duties I'll trespass,
And fly high away with no trace in the skies…

Sublime bitten pictures into a kiss
The time will run backwards to what is to come…
The Gardener's blind while the Shepherd will miss
Into the light of this divine hermeneutic of some…

The Giants'Clime

Too heavy the waters are pouring from sky
As heavy as the udders'blindest beast
An icy frozen milk a gone twilight
Into the abattoirs of permafrost.
And in my mind
As in the land
Stellated decks will spend.

La 65 de ani

Munţii pe care am îndrăznit
a-i urca
Sunt în noi,
Viaţa nu ne-a învins
Ne-a iubit.
Teama nopţii de om
Nu-i a ta
Dimineaţa-i etern al Fiinţei
Te vrea.
Întremaţi din chiar pierderi
Răzbunaţi din dureri
Numai umbra mai dăinuie
O vreme-n Cunoaştere

Ne întoarcem de unde-am
Venit, primăveri
Din misterul seminţei,
Dinainte de-o naştere
Mergi pe drumul
Din tine, te lasă
Pe voioasele muzici

În sus. Le auzi răsunând?
Te întorci înspre casă
Răsăritul surâde
Fremătând în apus.

When I was 65 Years Old

The mountains which we were so audacious
to climb,
Are inside us,
Yet life did not beat us
Instead it loved us.
The fear of man wrapped in dark evening
Does not belong to you
Early dawn is an endless eternal of Being
Desiring you.
Strengthened from the mere losses
And revenged in the pains
Only shadow continues
For a while in the Knowledge
We come back from the place
We came from, as those springs
From the hidden mystery of the family,
Long before one is born
Keep on going this way
Which springs out from you too.
Sliding slowly on the merry gay music
High up. Are you hearing them as they sound?
You come back to your home
While the rise of the day smiles at you
Being thrilled by the set of the sun.

Grail with a Sacred Worm

The worm should be forgiven
inside the sweet apple!
Like the word
or a mouth to mouth kiss,

it becomes altar between the knees
in the evening…A pulsating baby
like a verb in icons…
In the Hermenia of a short poem
with the palm asleep
- a grapheme
By what magic I can call You, Holy Ghost!
The nectar pulsates blind,
waiting to be extracted;
The Light of Transparency flies
and life assumes it TO BE solar!
Its inter-wing is reborn
In Spring another apple blossom
will offer the kiss of the rebirth
Suckling at the sap of knowledge
I refill this strange void,
Grail from Heaven…
You, a worm as white as the kernel!
Sarcophagus,
You are the chrysalis that searches for its body
like the de-sugared soul

from the hive
precedes the sacred spheres
in stellar buzzing,
to fly away my thoughts in the chakra of mysteries…
Hieratic epitaph
Of the evening flower
my sister bee
writes it in its dance…
(miasma is a phenomenon,
orgasm for the ladder…)
I bear and I burn tomorrow's blossom
Like an apple in a worm
This dual rebirth hurts in song.
I take a bite from the fruit
and I leave a bite for you
from the other half

where death is already dying…
You see a fruit with worm
is sacred inside
my Book.

Romanian Aphorisms
Aforisme române

To the Fair Lady of The Sonnets
There, where nirvana
illusions
cannot bear to listen to
the deaf,
there, not even the blind echo
of the utopian exegesis,
tenebrous of genesis
pretending to be the divine
of the anamnesis
is able to do its good in secret,
and sincerely put evil at the front
to defend your life
eternally…
The splendour
of Knowledge
a puppet,
and not sided
by hallucinations…
as Life loses in its

Assumption

To Roland Barthes

through prayer
you lose the fear of being
but through learning
you can learn…

And the System
Cultivates the impetus
Even further…
Become the disciple!
The celestial Book
Is inside the rustling of the forest:
Grain that distributes
The rumour of the un-dead
divine empathy,
you live not only in your life
but in thousands
of other lives that had been
and that will be!
Be the one you are
Sacerdotal of
Neo-barbarism
Remember
That all roads
Belong to the return…
The swarm of bees know:
that the rose
is not important
but its Perfume.

Religion

The celestial seeds
of the gods
are germinating
from all the alters

Steps of Fire

innocence
exuberance
patience
forget ness
of being

then the Memory
that eludes
via a spiral
withdrawal.

Damned Daimon

I have cultivated these strange words
Relics of the old parables
As the nocturnal English rose
Torn from rosa canina
To be found by the light
What do you care woman-fragrance
For the victim killed at the cross roads
Empathy of the flight through tearing
Longing
Of myself from the past into the future
Impregnating you, so that I may die
Impregnating you, so that I may die

The Poet

I am a melodious source
Substance of resonance, ear of light
I am everyday night
I am the strings you play
The moment as long as the night...The wave
The knife, the meander of the Eucharist bread

Aphoria

I am so lonely
Like, for instance,
that old ring
lost somewhere.
*
She has a writing

With pearls
under each phrase
there is a wound once provoked
by a grain of sand.
*
The art of the metaphor
is like that of a peasant woman
who embroiders
a flower
on a chemise burnt
by a cigarette...
*
To learn to die
Bearably -
Forgive yourself.
*
With each of our loved ones -
who die, they die with life within,
part of which is left behind -
we die as well.
This is another price of love
as a condition.
*
The world is
that part seen
of the invisible worlds.
*
As a finite rational
being
you cannot conceive
The Infinite
Would be unbearable -
That is your good fortune.
*
With such
fervour
be surprised that they have not
yet sacrificed

Dracula himself!
*
The shadow of the individual
who is chased
runs faster
than the wind.
*
Not callousness
but bad feeling.
Not servitude
but servility.
*
To obsessively love
and not be reciprocated
is energetic vampirism.
*
Poetry is the shadow
of words.
The dream,
is the shadow of the real.

Traduceri în engleză de
Mariana Zavati GARDNER

Monologue with wounded angel

You left me to the world, you left me,
Here, between twin waters
Where blood struggles into song
To escape
To escape
from the Bermuda Triangle
of Teandra!
aqua dolce aque salinae
Pierced logos
in secret
of an unknown court?

Hampered by its substance,
I've lived with your fault
Sevenfold, in its hope
from its Myth.

About ourselves

It's not too late to see and understand
that we bear the wars of those we defeated
as our parents did
like One
jubilant in the old calendars,
written in traces of blood in the sky
- those elected beings, being sad like
an un-inhabited Earth -
Onto the word,
they should be blessed -
The remains of betrayals from within,
of the first beheading of kings
and of falling angels
with their implants, with their grafting
from genii of Palin-genesis
from deaths by photons
In vain the asceticism of the world!

We do not know who we are!
Perhaps we'll wake up in the morning
without fears and
of what might become true
here, in the delirium of the sub-quantum.
Amen?

Neutrino

The one who writes via the mirror
Is the playful and unpredictable son
Neutrino
He creates the anxiety
Of those trapped in the orbits
Of ordered principles
He is the latent luminous Nadir

Enjoy, light does not see
The word sees!

Maranatha

Pulsing in proportions
Compound eye of Aeon
Blind orphan of knowledge
Broken God
Of his Mum, the Fear:

She does and undoes his dynamics - to be
Him and Why
Fear comes from heaven and emerges from the earth
Reciprocal hunger between energy fields
Mutual and intensive energy of the matter
Fear guards the flock
It turns the retrograde hunter back into the game
Disease counts the holes
As Fear devours all footsteps

And the length of grace is not so short
Enough to make agonic love
Under the plumage, scales
Sparkle in the very few
Eyes of the peacocks
Mourning rainbow of transcendence.

Fear of the barbarian, sacred
Religion that self-replicates itself

You have a one percent chance
The Great Skeptic
The Thirteenth Chrystal Skull.

Maranatha! Don't worry any longer
Do not fear for
Either love or its younger sister, hate

Memories of childhood

"The fish hears the water lily,
The water lily does not..."

That evening breeze whispered to me
I was a magic blond boy
As a scream fell
From a spiral vulture.

Kidnapping

The sleigh was pulled by horses
One for each foot
The old man was napping
With his Sunday tobacco.
He did not see
When angels kidnapped me,

All that burns

All that burns
Creates worms.
The word only
Creates a divine flower.
For a cure
And for the angels.

Reinvent!

You should do this:
Reinvent
The Art of Living
By dying.

To confirm
The Lumen of the world.

Do not lament!

Do not lament
Do not lament like Rastigniac
Like Madame Bovary
Like Breban's rude character
On the shoulders of a ruined
And counterfeiting upbringing
Stop crying at the wall supported
By wild ivy
Do not cry for what you have not lost
You have never truly conquered anything
Do not portray death
As art for art's sake.
Yield fruit through desire. That's all.

Teandra

The poet's flame has three points
The one above, which enters the first into heaven,
Then the one of the heart; the sisters of light
Are of the temples, two.
Summer rocks the worlds
And decants the miracle.

Light, Wound of Sight

Through the high grasses, under the forests
Of the psycho storms, far into words,
In the rainy lands of
A vague longing of nobody – that is
In the rare and splendid hours of watching
And the patience that's given to man
From the above, from heavens
Jumps like the garland of a coloured fire
Being of unuttered beauty
And from wings that don't burn in the fire
Is bestowed to us, on the threshold of love,
The illumination, pronouncing our name.
Vouching, again and again, the first ones ordered
From before words
From the high sound of the Primordial
We refill from the wound of the Sight

Lothus

Another thousand poets at the same time as me
The same moment, in the same state
Everywhere in the world, separate, they write
The same earth quivers in a unique flower

Somehow – The Virtuality

Somehow I was in that field of flax I
And equal in the spherical interior of the text
In the somehow virtual semantic
Of the primordial
Sacred recessive illo tempore
I was already as I came back
and in a hurry the gathering
Was justifying the meaning of the divine,
and the bereavement
A feeling, between somehow virtual worlds
Inter-sewing my outfit with the being
Somehow virtual like paleness under the star
It re-gulps its over-clear part
In order to confirm
That it becomes
Blue
At the height
Of the Light

Hymn to Daylight

to Raluca Elena Weber

Had I been tragically left the last one
Behind, to confirm those that the great way
It begins and it continues
And from somewhere
from the un-uttering of the word
I would continue to be for a solitary god
From white signs, which clear looks
Draw near and sacredly re-fill with matter
And the ancient map of the sky
Of my ancestors
As if I were to preserve it with the old manure
If like the one that was first
Put together with the plasma and the echo

After the rebirths and the tribulations,
which have been left unsaid
But above us there is the light
of the creation of those
And the phantasm inside
And if it were not but it would be retold
Even between to become and to accede, like
A work,
I know that the light from night into day
Is offered into us forever, as sun.

Tomn in Difficulty

Not the abstract one, the archives' town
But the one in agony, in which there is the time
Of cherries, of strawberries and of attacks.
I am not allowed to die out of my own will.
Between the flames of this abstraction,
Between the good one and the one still evil
I am not allowed to accuse, but to sing,
To suffer, to become.
But not the abstract one, the real, the man,
The transient, in permanent transition.
But not from the earth, but not from the people,
: The one who knows to die more, singing
To daily die, to justify the sense
For always someone to sacrifice
It has landed, like a key of the skies – of the
Light,
One day we shall live. We shall see.
We shall marvel

Dusty gardens.
With our Flowering.
Amongst patience and cold and hunger
Only the soul isn't mine or yours
And in its strange thin horizon,
God finds a threshold.

Fallen Arts

The arts, which hold the real in suspense
The worming arts of the exotic ridiculous
Concepts that self-devour themselves
and in a sacred continuum
Each god is a mercenary, a cannibal.
The rustling of the young, willing death:
Of the elite's insomnias.
In suicidarium.

Worlds-in-Worlds-Everywhere

Worlds in worlds everywhere
Static snapshot
Somewhere death
Is divinity of self-desire
Hungry the non-being got galaxies into rhythm
The splendour of the legions with infinite hierarchies
The rustle of the tachyons around the Vibrate Source
…aureole, which sings in the estuary of the Aorta
the bud of logos in mourning – you, poetry.

Poetry

The delirium of a god's frustration
Round-around the one named Super I
Semantic halo, ship wake of evolution
Who separates darkness from lightening.

Symptom or Nature's Suffering

I have nowhere to stop
I feel a certain dizziness of the time
But not of my life's time
Which is somehow, fall-out and dust.
Fall-out and dust.
A state of greediness of which running

The counted years I hurried with the young ones.
A state of something else
Of olden times, of former days-
A state that cannot stand me
Somehow guilty, it is asking back for
What I have been wearing on loan..
I feel now a strange
Phenomenon of rejection
Of nature, which has suffered
From the flash which has yielded fruit and
Would return to stone. In myth…
As light is the part above
And darkness below supports it
A divine hunger surrounds me
From everywhere.

Ethnic

Somehow you will have a Romanian death.
You die in the language you learnt to speak
You die dreamt before and dreamt again
Only the head aches. Death will translate you
Every seed is potentially a world.
Who will be born of your birth
And will extract that which it gave you on loan?
Who never forgives, does not perish
And your life, your hundredfold death through
Destructive Knowledge
Demand you to inexorably return them

Lamento miserabilis?

The villages in the mountains
deserted by people
Like the fortresses
of the old gods in past times
In this agony, there is a punishment,
Which is forever paid by the faithful

Under grass waiting
for the Last Judgement
But time measures other rhythms,
other wonders,
Cohorts of dead amongst the roots
Weaker and weaker
They are smoothed by the time below
And the blind memory of the soil
And the fallen argil is not the one of
Sanctuaries, not the one from poor alters…
Like the villages, and the towns
Which were fed yesterday
from the bread of happiness
And the water of patience
Now they have fallen to spite
and abandonment
Half of us have become soil again
Our sons will go to foreign
Heavens
And the devastated districts are sad ghettoes
We are the punished tolerated ones
At the caved in walls of history
Which is not ours.

To know

Savoir! I cried and I gave the breeze a name
Which one rises from oneself, dies from one.
As if it had never
been.
I was above the waters like a source of treason.
Savoir! I made the leap over the waterfall
Suddenly understanding: the image flows –
And Lord is the sight. Therefore the Law.

The Suspended Staircase

Like a gradual cyclic cosmic orgasm
Life is a prelude with erogenous features

Until death has rolled its eyes
And has resorbed its non-antic seed.
Strange is only the staircase without an end
The suspended staircase waving between the gods and us
Either they had promised or they had run away from other gods
Either, meanwhile, they died or they forgot
Name and destination
All of a sudden, with their superior death.
It is left to ourselves to become
And to find their ash pyres further into heavens
In cryogenic urns
Which to repatriate and remember
In a Christian manner
In the name of a Law, which gives birth and makes death
The snail shells and the galaxies.

Somewhere

Where poets flourish there is too much suffering
Where the homeland hides in anxious piety
Where those who keep quiet make vice out of the virtue of patience
Where fear works worm of the pale crystals
Where the spirit throws the books on the roof of power
And the suffering of not loving gives birth to fratricides monsters
Where consequence is called stigma and history is delirious
Where the dystrophic democracy justifies euthanasia
Where under bells the ragged dogma snows the soot of error
And the Sadducee continue their march in the ruins of the temple
Where to go mad is normality
And poetry was born in exile as a last confirmation of the Messiah
There, in the ubiquity of the divine, in the memory of the other

Time
I caught sight of the gardens ready for the wedding
I shall retire in the suffering of knowledge, homeland
Wherever I shall be, you become, the map of your sky
which
in us is pulsating
Everywhere is at home
Only our books will remain for a while
Like shadows of birds on the foreheads risen up.

Art

Only suffering gives birth to Art
What's left is hunger for the broken light
What's left is empty burning and dream
Only suffering gives birth to Art.
We have a map in our brains
Starlit so that the soul does not separate
From the spirit and the Agarth
Between the dead entity and the man
Only suffering gives birth to Art
Stabbing in the masterpiece that jumps
On top of the pyre in the High Sphere
Celestial threshold of the forehead
Under another armour into the Lord divine
Look at it! It burns over my head.

The Inner Biologist

He determines you
By the game of conflicts
He knows what you learn
He works at the filters
Of dreams
He separates nothingness from real
He knows when he will escape
He, a prisoner only to himself,
Above good and evil,

Of his other alter ego
The sharp top of the Trinity
He cannot be distroyed
Your friend into death
Your invisible twin
Your inner biologist
The sacred seven of the chakra
He is the law

The Lord in April

The chestnuts have flowered in the streets on the hill
In a Transylvanian borough over the century in a hurry
Ah, from the shadow of the light the leopard of love
Looked over my shoulder so I shouldn't die…
The white crowns come together over the road
The arches of branches of Corinthian bunches
Burn in humming swarms of white stars
Orion shot into Virgo through thorns
Lord, keep into Your sight the laddered brightness
Melody climbing from dawn from dusk
I am of this world and I have been once
The clear forehead has kissed the demiurge's porch
Flowered the meta-text on the Atlanta snow
From under Hyperborean the swans are silent
Divine signs from the other Light that
Does not know of me, the one lost in this century
I am of this world though a stranger under the horizon
Until when, where to, sometime or never?

The Golden Eagle

The nest of the wind through the wheat
The wind breaks it and displaces it
Adieu, it isn't late
Come back - the wind kisses you

Its blesses come from the lights of worlds

Through cyclical opportunity
Ecstasies flower through thorns
Into the madness of poetry
Only the sacred wind from Ardeal
Exists under eagles and bells. Burnt
Death, love into Grail
Bear a sign of homecoming.

Portrait Sketch

The man (I) is (are)
Part of Creation of
The Divine Work.
Good or bad, my life
Is my Work, part of Your Work.
Death is not mine.
Death is not mine.

The Threshold

At the threshold between light and magic
I embrace in cosmic clearing a drop
Of the dew of Heaven. Sighs
A strange longing - dream into death - its threshold
I am searching for you
Under the golden darkness - alive Flute
And Psalm
In which to bury my face.

„Mon métier et mon art c'est vivre?"

Errare basileu / The Sinning King

On the hungry shores of the Tiber
Children's corpses repeatedly justify
Heresy
Oh, Galilee, the incense of the cannibal angel

Basileus hirsute of the Byzantium
Stigma
Your blood has fallen over part of the world
Not the sun of the cross
But the malign terror of the IDU
Splendour and rot
Shadow of history in religions
Mourning on rainbows
Utopias of the paradigm of errors
Clones of the exodus and the placebo effect
Number which screams to be reborn as a name
Arts and hunger
Gods' dressings
Shroud of our little
Immortality throughout the provinces…

Hunger and the Art

Hunger is closer than art!
Soil has jumped love and light
I ask my body for forgiveness
Between god and insomnia
I ask forgiveness of holy poetry
Like Jacob wrestling the angel
Jealous on the angel for my
Woman
And man only through poetry itself
Has longed to flour for ever
Onto my crying.
Onto re-becoming
Light. As I have described
I feed myself
With heads of flames

Oratio vechio

At night, when the book is closed,
Fate gently turns on my pages

Under arches of lilac
Rain hammers cold nails
Radial wood sounds
Branches into revenge
I go into Sunday.
Good night.

The Game of Poetry

Riding deep fears
Death, you cannot reach us
Lord, the little eternity,
And patience in the graveyards
Of millennia into millennia
The wind of the Vespers knows it.
Or Death whom are you laughing at?
That we dream seeing through you
And through a jump onto the other side
We are afforesting onto a book
You are about to read, you are about to snow
Unfortunate girl, do you still believe in stories…
Can you see? We are, you are not.

The Poetic Being

To My Sons Gloria, Sorin and Remus

At least true poets have also loved me
At least I have not lived on others
At least I have not plagiarised the good daemon,
I have tricked the evil one
At least I have seen my name snowed on the back of the god
At least I loved non-abstractedly my homeland
At least I did not wish to accuse my parents
to have been the only one born
At least I have printed some books in which something happened

At least I have not refused to do good deeds unprovoked
At least the wrong doer has made peace with the redeemer
At least I have not gloriously self-mutilated
At least my sincerity has hurt villains
At least I have not accepted the perverse fetish worship
At least I searched for you until the end
Again and again I have lifted myself from under the harrows of
hate
At least I have also admired others'freedom and in silence
At least I have taken pity on Judas
At least I have forgiven myself by virtue of the humane
At least I have heuristically cultivated my suffering
At least I have been an aesthete endowed with divine empathy
At least I have not betrayed
Because I have not betrayed myself
At least I have surpassed all the crises

Gemelarium
Twinning

Within the duration of his numbered life man
Has risen from the eternal demiurge
Shaped mirror of the divine
In likeness and body, - twinned
Into god a morning and a dusk
From the infinite Circular Ladder
Of Time which pulsates in the worlds of the worlds
Un-cognoscible One only separates
The part within parts so they transpire
Luminary into Multi-Hypostasis
The gradual and deducted cognition
Of everywhere and nowhere in particular,
Reveals the number of its name
With the ID measure given onto itself
The intelligence of the Animated Being
Swarms in Multi-verses and transcends

God-present, with Conscience and Soul
Sees Itself mirrored in worlds as Itself
Neither wishing separation of one
Nor stagnation in repose
Forever free to connect to absolve
Again the Unique Sun overflows
The light of the World of the worlds rises
Just from the wished death itself
As burnt in future seeds
And fruit that prefigures the seed in flower…
The Lord alive is the live infinite
Of two infinites that I unbind
Into two the conscience as brilliance
Of a Sun at the end of a needle!
Shouldn't it resound into verse, as part
Of the divine Rumour of the Primordial Word?
Sublime eternal Creator
Shouting from my inner self: I am!
Being Work onto the Lord Himself
And a temporal wishing Embodiment
Through the mirroring of the circular world
It sacrifices onto loving the Substance, which
Matter through twinning - Spirit
Re-embodies eternally onto Oath
Light of the Genesis:
Fellow man and Twin, Marriage onto Word.

Song

Swing more endearingly
So that you may not fall down the tears…
You were once as you have never been
I have waited for you day and night
Do not come, do not come any more
Embers of the hostage sun
Burn and still gleam in the live coals
I am not longing any more, but I am lonely
I have crossed like a salamander

Over patient fire and lost the game
You lived and died a long time ago
The severed emptiness hurts me
But he had cured himself
And he grows like a fluent dream

Another kind of death will come
But without it you will not be
The entire death, to suit me…
Do not come, do not come any more
Amongst many ghosts
I see the cross on the road before dawn
I know the cross of the road, to be
Also aina daina tri lu li
Do not come any more
Do not come any more

The Town at Night…

The town at night, a stellar semaphore
Intersected by unseen flights
And in the collapsed nadir of amber
The purple of the winter cuts into my soul
I am still waiting with my kin far though near
To return there to our destiny
Once we'll be together to be saved
From the Wandering of the Cycles
All-light of the Moon over the dead.

The Strei River
(The Sargetia River)

Destiny of the short rivers
Horizontal ladder of the busy sky:
Born near you, on your right shore -
I have taken over your qualities: clarity
Speed and golden luminescence

And the spheres of the stones hold the memory
Of the mountains
strange resonance with heavenly bodies
Where the estuary meander kisses
The blue flyers have made abode
– firing me in Melos

Re-investitures

After the seism, after the storms,
after psychical hurricanes, after devastation:
The comfort of the sacred purity, the Re-investiture
With a sublime resurrection in Name.

Camouflage

The sufferings of poetry are not of poetry, but
The sufferings of the pro-pensive ego
As a risk factor; through revelation and semantic leap
Beyond, where the Self is and becomes a-temporal.

To Unic Love

If your good daemon inspired you
Through starving of the spirit
Do not leave me to adoration,
Snow storm-swept by lights when I return home
From inner remote distances.
Do not leave me prey to that unspeakable energy
To the invisible flame, knife of flame:
So that I do not destroy myself - being you
Lasts but a moment! So that I do not destroy you.

From under The Waterfalls

Words are clay over the wound
From the one creator of beauty

But the ironsmith has not put a stain
In their spirit, neither in flesh nor in bone
Under the captive bronze when the Heaven resounds
Selfborn vibration
Apheyron of the Moonlight
Pleiad alike it climbs murmur of springs
The song is salt under falls
Melody to a rainbow towards the sun:
Words return like this, high up
To their nests onto the big Printing Press.

Under The Stars

Onto the world, awaken from a Dream
Great defoliation of paradise
Chase us over the century
Poor ancestor of Days
Of the world of the worlds to come into this world
Of the light beyond the thought
And the books rustle roaring
They alter screen without cure
In the cold and in the blizzards of the weather
The cosmic ugliness of exile
Cri cri or hieratic trill
Of interstellar death
Are orphan bastards celestial
Or who knows who, when,
Or from where to where?
From where to where…

Poem for Maria

Followed by what it has been,
therefore by what it will be
Like a polisemantic halo, the ancestor one
Burnt cold mesmerized by the Peun - Eye
World gate to Melos - poetry…
What is the sense reabsorbed in gematria?

The Goddess has given
me and taken away from me
Rising human jealousy into gods
That they might stab my verb of silk
And, through a kiss, break the seal of my mouth
Unprecedented It seeks revenge in song
I wander inversely along the unseen Eon
Sun - mirrored in a fragment of the moon…
Light, do you hear me? Good night.

Relics Two

Hit by a bell, the emptiness grows in me
And it comes back with every broken echo
Like the increasing footsteps that return in the road
On burnt and twisted former lights
Through their searching devotion…
Of gods' Everlasting, it seems,
Ramifications - offspring that is extending
As a labyrinth transpires splendour
Through other labyrinths desiring
Sunrise and mornings in bud
From long ago, a loved image betrayed as condition
Barefoot Logos in the dew during divine times…
Divine sobs return to the shore
The shattered mother of pearl Madre-pearl, Indeed
Have I formerly existed or have I imagined it?
With my forehead I kneel onto the waves of the sea
As if in a dream, dreaming I am with You
In the primordial embracing of the world.

All I Have Seen…

All I have seen lives in us
Multitude of discoloured reflection.
Sunday graft re-flowered
Genetic Eon, revenged longings
Wake into the world of cyclical Durations

We last under Differences and chimera,

Where sense, stigma, old sins are healed
Only the heart resounds
Hole of stopper for pitcher and flute under the Moon
And rising from footprints on snow
Hungry creatures prey to Nature
Are quiet gematria mundi. Good night.

Of Etymon…

The clay burns the etymon of Eden
Pitcher tied under handles, with the Beginning
And the bite sublimating the Kiss
A cure for Ugliness leaves the mating
And re-sanctifying, the Light within us is struggling.
Arts, wars, disguised fears
Are as they weren't. Coloured Illusions
As Part and Whole of an In-cognoscible Game
Born Mystery is becoming in all
The bards pass; it is renewable
And re-divining.With a kiss
I should die your death.

Hyperion

Angel and Demon renewed for ever
Giants like the Mountain with a sonorous peak
Needle leaves friend into starry relics
Longing morning star comes onto the porch!
Through un-learning of the sacred itself
The immortal book of hours
Tomorrow has already been today; it is only the semblance
Of a miracle of a solitary genius
The woods, brother, rock the mystery
The lake answers in clear sobs
Yes, The Poet in carols sheltered the mystery
Yes, The Poet - in the light of the light

Yes, The poet will be into being
Yes, The Poet is the embodied word

Death does not know, death does not know;
He has never died amongst us.

Whispered Verse

I am the bearer of gifts
I do not remember either where I am coming from
Or where I am taken to
All the roads are unbeaten
onto me
I am reborn with every sunset
Oppressed by essences,
What I burn to raise the light,
Is returned to me through loss
- they are gifts, grace they are,
in the fields of wheat
the Seminar
accomplishes itself
and loses the chaff
of the sickle, it does not belong to me…
this is the way poetry turns into bread
the word
where I come from, where I shall cease
where I am
expected
the wind and the century know me
*
The day forgets and at night
The moment is arrow with seed
Vibrating
Radiating
into the Being
from words into thought
Great love and
Friendships

Have to be continuously re-conquered
Sometimes even treason is healing
The night places its mourning
On the rainbow
Happy people will never know
That they are happy
People in love are more alive
Than the people who are loved

Tausendassa
„I laugh to stop myself from crying"

We soliloquize
Through mirroring with the divinity
un-demonstrated and omni-present
Although in each demonstration
There is a demon. Until sunset
Pulsating guarantor of another
Sunrise. Under the stars overturned
Clear of our sight Empiric
Delirium of graphemes and orchid mentis
Sinuous sinister-marginal
As dixit the graphologist,
Poet good at everything
Tausendassa as the German says
Man good at everything
Nothing to share
The gift embodied in the scream of the flame
Help yourselves, eat the terror from above
The terror from below
If poetry does not exist. Nothing does
Oh, beautiful fir tree, you
Pagoda! My book. My house
Threshold which is searching for you
Arches which the forehead raises
Arm which will embrace
From over the shoulders
From behind the walls

Carol in which the one with a thousand names
Gives us love and mornings
Flowering horizon under the knees
Milky Way in the little mirror
The returning path, double of the eyes
Oh, beautiful fir tree, you pagoda!
To the star of the top
Where the flame. Enters the sky…
Tausendassa - good poet
Between ashes and amber
A sparkle God's tear
Human-like. Never had death
An adieu. Sung more beautifully

Anamnesis

Rustle of the reeds
It's as if you remind me
of the slender forest of Balsa,
Tropical and gigantic
In the young bathed
Splendours
Of the world paradise
In which barefoot
I have wandered
Is the pulsating and
Moving away,
Sphere of light
Filling me with tears?

Traduceri în germană de
Magdalena CONSTANTINESCU SCHLESAK

Gehort mir nicht

Nimm mir aless! Mir gehort doch Nichts
Was ich bekennen wil verbirgt sicht
Und der wird springt weiter durth verlust
Erhoht ist der gedanke wo ihn der tod
Nicht sieht. Er gibt zuruck um zu erhalnet
Und unsere graber sind wie ungelesene
Bucher. Som kommt der wind der kusst sie und
Streicht weiter
Leer ist name. Und die aura ist geloscht
Geschreiben war er nie der Kommende
Die trennung nichts als rauch des ppfers
Im anderswo steigt noch das licht
Einandere wahlt und bleibt
Tief unter dem gedachtnis regt sich gott
Hat hunger nach sich selbst

Die Blasse des Dichters

die Blässe des Dichters
ist nicht suspekt.
Diese Blässe begründet
die Schlaflosigkeit des Volkers.
Aber die Blässe des Dichters
trägt Trauer für das Lächeln
für die Ungeweckten –
die Blässe des Dichters rechfertigt
das Leben ohne Worte –
ich rede nicht für Menschen
die das Lied des Hundes verstehen:
die Blässe des Dichters
die von Worten
geschlagenen Lippen küssend.

Meine seltsame anwesenheit

… ich bin seltsam und anwesend
zu den Bergen wachst das Gras –
und das Buch kommt hinzu um sich erschöpft
auf Gottes Knien zu setzen
das Gras wächst in die Berge
der Regen bringt es in Ekstase.

Abschied des dichters

Offens Feuer
und schuldiges Geheimnis
lass es niemals zurük!

Klima

Unbestandig das Klima
Unbesttandig die Mensche -
Umgesturzte Gleichung -
Paradigma der Gefangenschaft
Der Kreiss – in spiraler Ewigkeit -
Das Reale wird verkorpert
dann totet es -
Klima und das Verbrechen …

Unnumerierter Engel

Auf einem Grundstein
In einer Stadt mit
Wechselndem Namen
Unischer auf dem
Gletscherschadel
Mein wirklicher Name
    wartet
auf's Erdbeben

Blitzende fenster
Nimm mir alles

Nimm mir aless! Mir gehort doch Nichts
Was ich bekennen wil verbirgt sicht
Und der wird springt weiter durth verlust
Erhoht ist der gedanke wo ihn der tod
Nicht sieht
Er gibt zuruck um zu erhalnet
Und unsere graber sind wie ungelesene
Bucher som kommt der wind der kusst sie und
Streicht weiter
Leer ist name. Und die aura ist geloscht
Geschreiben war er nie der Kommende
Die trennung nichts als rauch des ppfers
Im anderswo steigt noch das licht
Einandere wahlt und bleibt
Tief unter dem gedachtnis regt sich gott
Hat hunger nach sich selbst

Die treppen nac oben

Die du mit dem blick errichtetst
Mit der stirn stutzt und sie stutzten dich
Die adlertreppen des herzens
Die efeutreppen, die alte mauer
stutzend
mit zerspaltener aura die jenseits
die milde furs lebendige
fur den tragenden leib, sieht
die heiliegen worten
um manchmal, was einst
das paradis sein wird,
zu erblicken

Das Efeu

Das efeu das schreibt
Das efeu das uber mauer
Springt, schlank
welch
hoher blick!
Das efeu das weis
Das krallenefeu
Sich selbst gefangen
Lenede welle
Es wurde um zu fliegen
Kriechen.

Mandala

Ein Wellengang der Menschen
Zwischen Berg und Tal-
Die, die den Liebesruf vom Gebirge sahen
Vermehrende Hochzeit unter dem
Gottesgesetsz.
Das Weite ist nah und das Weite ist hier
Nur der Schatten ist wie ein Tor ins Gras gefallen
Von Zeit schwindet alles: schau hin wie die
Kosmische Sonne
Ein Gluhwurmchen
Kusst.

Das zweite exil

(fragment)

im Exil erdulden wir unsere Sunden immer noch
(jedoch nicht unter den Menschen- sondern zwischen
den Sonnen und Gestirn)
um uns das sacrale Werk die Frucht als
demutiugen Kuss

wieder zu bringen -
in der winterlichen Vermahlung der
Blauen Blum.

Das dritte exil

„Ich liebe die Poesie als Rettung
die Aufopferrung verlangt"
Kore Magdalena Magie
Wunsche des Kindes in uns
Gedachtnis das uns ewiglich durchflutet
Vibrierren und syntonie
Doch-diese Geschenke
Konen sich
Durch die Weisheit
Zuruck ziehen!
Die Erlosung gleicht ihnen
Die proffane Gottin nimmt die Idee
Wieder zuruck
Eifersuchtig auf die graziose
Und gebarende Tugend
Die Seele Teil des Himmerleichs
Soll nicht am alten
Hass ersitcken …

Geschenk

Dahingleitendes Blatt gefallenen Wind
Gebracht und nicht verloren
Intakte Blattlienen subtil wie ein Vogesskelett
Das einmal in einer Baumkrone traumte
Das von mir gekusste Blatt erschaudert
Auf der Hand
Ich antworte ihm -
Der Wind ist freundschaftlich
Erwacht plotzich
es ist morgends und im Gedanken
verstecke ich mich

Ein besonderer name

Das Licht meines Hauses ist ohne Wande
Von Buch zu Buch - Dach der Welt
Diesseits der Worte sesshaft
In der goldenen Aura
Ich schliese die Augen um zu sehen
Unsere Gaste kommen anzwischen
Ihnen ist die Zeit schon
Lange verschwunden
Einige sind noch nicht auf
Der Erde
Einige traumen noch
Irigend wo sind wir alle gezahlt
Es ist ein besonderer Name
So bald alles vollendet ist
Fliegt mein Haus weg.

Deus ludens

Fur fraulein Silke Leuhnen
In den Fangen der Zeit
Wir sind Fragmente der Welt
In jeden reflekiert das Ganze
Weesichert die grosse Rotation -
Mein Gehirn ist ein magischer Kristall
Der geistige Blitze belebt
Aus Miliarden von
Leuchtpunkten
Die junge Sonne von
Morgen wiede.

Romantischer wald (Sakramenten)

im romanichen Winter
ist mein Haus
mit deinen raschelden Briefen gefullt
aus der Zukunft entblattert sich der Wald
am Wagner vibrieren Knie und Stirn
Schwelle derKirche - Stein mit dem Gesicht zum
Himmelmein Haus mit den Fenstern um
Innernaum
Erhallt sich in rauschenden Sakramentern
Goldene Luft aus dem
Novaliswald
Die Donau erreicht den Stirnneridian
Und mundet dreifach in der Matrize

Von Europa: die Landkarte des alten
Himmels ist intakt
Herformig in Rumanein
Transilvanien ist das Hirn.

Traduceri în franceză de
Elis BOGĂTAN

Pascale

Dieu est redevenu pluriel?
Fragmenté comme des fractals
En aval de dieux
Les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel
dans les écailles des idées
Sautent comme les truites
suicidées aux cascades
Et je sens les fissures
de mon aura pulsant
Comme le piétinement des agneaux
Dans les cimetières sponsorisés par les
Bouchers.

L'Homme

Te voilà, tu meurs ici
Comme nulle part
Tu meurs chaque jour inséminateur
Pulsation ignorante de
Sa propre centrifugation
Quotidien inséminateur
Dans le labourage d'autrui
Récolté par autre personne
En vivant les autres
En mourant directement
proportionnellement
Les autres
De l'orgasme au rut et au baiser
Entre l'utérus et le pis
Te voilà, homme,
Une fois né
Tu as déjà été
Séparé
Réveillé vers le monde
Dans le monde
Tu es déjà

Sé-pa-ré!
Un adieu et je n'ai pas de mots
Un adieu et le pont cabré
Comme le diaphragme de G. Rauzier
Et en quelque sorte sur la constante
De l'autel au nourrisson
de la Montagne Moriah
Te voilà ici comme si tu avais été
Inventé
Comme si tu avais été soumis
À des corrections cycliques
Le cerveau glacé
Multiple à éternelle
Nostalgie de la mort de soi
Et chaque crépuscule compté
Sera le matin de l'Unique Dimanche
divin
te voilà tu meurs ta mort
par cela que la Vie-même tue
la création est sacrifiée dans l'Oeuvre
homme, la mort même maintenant
travaille
transcende
comme la pomme dans le ver
ou Qui?
Gematria de'l amore

Le biologue intérieur

à Santiago Montobbio

Il te détermine
Par le jeu des conflits
Il sait ce que tu apprends
Il travaille aux filtres
Des rêves
Il sépare le réel du néant
Il sait quand il échapera
Lui, captif seulement de soi-même

Au-dessus du bien et du mal
Alter-ego de l'égo
Le sommet pointu de la Trinité
Il ne peut pas être détruit
Ton ami d'une mort
Le jumeau invisible
Le biologue intérieur
Sept sacré des chakres
Lui, il est la loi

Traduceri în croată de
Nada POMPER

Izbor iz poezije jeka echo

Gledam te,
Da te sem sit nagledam
Ti rasipas sjajne visebonje
rijeci
kao ogromne vijence cvijeca
o Boze, kakva zasljeplujuca ljepota,
kazem sam sebi.
Zasto ja nisam un stanju,
Zasto ja moram neumorno
pod naborima kore
trazit rijeci koje daju svejto
i brusiti ih
dok zrak postane neprovidan,
okruzen s toliko zamagljena brusenja
zasto?
Zanesen promatram se u ogledalu
I predocujem si ruho u ghirladama
Od nikad procitanih rijeci
Dotle dok me udarci ure sa zida
Koji me inace ne brinu
Bude.
Dosta je igre.
Tko ce zavrsiti troje djelo
I brusiti rijec
Ake ne ti, a tko onda
Ipak
Gdje sam li to vec cuo
Mogao bih se zakleti,
Da sam li to vec cuo
Mogao bih se zakleti,
Da sam vec to jednom cuo.

U svijetu
In Der Welt

Skriven u svijetu, u svijetu
Onda, kada voda tece.
Beskrajni meridijani
Zanose pogled ociju vise
Nego lijepa malaksalost
Kroz koju juri lijet,
Gospode, tko pokrece noc
Kroz koju idem s rukom u ruci?
Euridika mi daje u nasljedstvo
Haljunu od samih krila.

Stepenice pream gore
Die Treppen nach Oben

Stepenice prema gore
Stepenice koje ti pogledom dizes
Celorm podupires
I koje tebe snaze
Stepenice scra orla
Stepenice brsljana
Koje stari zidovi nose
S nazubljenom aurum -
Koje s One strane gledaju
Blagost za snagu
Da tijelo nosi
I koje svete rijeci, ponekad,
Bit ce da to raj, ugedaju.

Brsljan
Das effeu

Brsljan koji zna
Brsljan sto preko zida skace, tanak,
Kakav visoki pogled!

Brsljan koji zna
Da kandze brslana
Samog sebe love
Grmeci val, on
Da bi pobjegao,
Puze.

Bozansko nadahnuce
Empatia divina

Nitko ne kreira-mi stvaramo odmah
Mi ne ponavljamo,
Nego smo na pocetku nastajana.
Bozansko se ne ponavlja.
Ipak on bibrira
Ja ga ljubim, dah Bozji -
Obnazenje kristala
Kao trasnfigurativno
sjecanje
zelja Boga snijezi na beskrajne straneruke
padaju, da ih podignem
moje sestre –snijezene- smjesi se pod
zvomina.

Poklon
Geschenk

Umiruci list, otrgnut,
donesen
i neizgubljen
ocuvane linije lista, krhe kao pticji skelet,
koji je jednoc u krosnji sanjao
poljubljen list od mene
najezi se u ruci
ja mu odgovorih:
vjetar se prijateljski budi
iznenada svanucem
i ja se u mislima sakrih.

Slike s brancusiom
Bhilder mit brancusia

Kako se gledamo u vratima
Poljuca, toplog od
Suncokreta,
Polako u zakasnejelom nizu
Zureci preko Nikad lijepe slike
Ovdje zivi on u kamenu, tiho
Vracen domu u zvom obliku
I bez bola
Drscuci spol, gorko nijemi
Cvijet,
Gledamo te danima, ti
Pupilo, celo i poljubac raskola?
Gle
Trazim te,
Kada ces biti vani.

Tajna
Geheimnis

Jesi li savrseni vrtljar
Ciji cvjetovi pjevaju
Presko vodenastog tkiva,
Jesi li ti jedini zivac
U lebdecoj
Kugli?
Cudo hrani
Kaziprst.

Djetinjstvo
Kindheit

Izgubljeni raj, djetinjstvo
Probudeno u vrijeme misli
Na celu mojem kao
Sjena ptice u liteju.

Izgubljeni raj,djetinjstvo
Snivano od najranije dobi
Svemirsko carstvo
Nebo kao zalobna suza.
Gospode! Najzivotvorniji zivot
Zapisao nas je peludu cijeta.
Izgubljeni raj, djetinstvo,
Nikada,
Nekad …

Traduceri în franceză de
Linda BASTIDE

Le Miroir Vert....
Dans le jardin sans sommeil

Dans le jardin qui ne dort pas,
plein de rêves à la voix d'homme,
quel hasard peut faire aussi mal,
avec une seule et unique teinte,
quand me gagne l'ombre!

Imitatio Dei

Jeu de mots
de Dieu
étincelant au-dessus
des mers du sommeil.
Ah, sur l'horizontale les mots,
des tas de coquillages - nacre écrasée –
tombes aplanies des tempêtes
de la mémoire.
In Aeternum Te gloriam!
Parce que nous sommes,
des flammes sans fumée,
– combustions sans cendres –
complices de Dieu,
au-dessus des mers du sommeil.

Immortelles

1
Ce que tu donnes
du peu que tu as,
toi, l'autre,
c'est beaucoup plus
que ce qu'il te donne
du trop qu'il possède,
lui, le riche.
Même en amour,
c'est exactemnt la même chose.

2
On n'a pas la même faim
d'être aimé
que celle qu'on a
d'aimer…

3
De la cruche d'eau
j'ai appris
comment t'embrasser :
de la source
me suis souvenu …
Le Premier Homme,
celui-là qui est accompli,
et non celui qui vient de naître …

4
Expulsé du ventre,
le nouveau-né pleure.
Ces pleurs-là

deviennet chant
et s'envolent.

5
Le temps est mesure d'une combustion,
transformation du néant
en mort pure.
Moi je suis mon temps,
rien de plus. Existe-t-il,
et sont-elles possibles,
plusieurs façons de mourir?
Car celles que l'on a de vivre
sont infiniment différentes…

L'amour c'est seulement pour une fois

Une déchirante nostalgie de soi,
semence dans l'obscurité
scintillante
salut de la mort,
arrachement de l'intérieur...
Une nostalgie qui ne nous appartient pas,
de l'autre côté, il y a Dieu...

O traducere în albaneză de
Baki YMERI

Shpirti i shqiptarëve

(Baki Ymerit dhe Juve)

Shpirtëra të bukur që duhen dashur
Shqiptarët nuk i kanë humbur
Ato që ua kanë rrëmbyer
Fryma e madhe e botës së përlindur
Nga tragjika hyjnore e pashëruar
Poetët tuaj më janë të dashur
Sepse dinë t'u bëjnë ballë
Valëve të detit që s'degdisen

Traduceri în italiană de
E. Daniela SGONDEA

Amintiri din copilărie

„Peştele aude nufărul,
Nufărul nu”…
Clopotele, toate, sunt surde.

Aşa-mi şopti briza serii
Eram băiat blond şi magic
Din vulture spiralat
Un țipăt căzu.
….

xxx
„Il pesce non sente il giglio,
Ma neache il giglio…”
Tutte le campane, sono sorde.

Quella brezza serale mi sussurrò
Ero magico ragazzo biondo
Dalla spirale avvoltoio
Una voce è caduto.

Rapimento

Slitta trainata da cavalli
Era uno per ogni piede
Babbo si addormenta nel tabacco
Domenica.
Angeli mi rapiscono
Ma, non mi vedono.

Tutto quello che bruciano

Tutto quello che bruciano
Faccia il verme.
Solo la parola
Auto malata

Fa il fiore divino.
Come la cura
Per gli angeli.

Hawg!

Questa devi fare:
Reinventare
L'arte di vivere
Morire.

È vero
Lumen mondo.

Traduceri în franceza belgiană de
Antonia ILIESCU

Monologue à l'ange chassé ou arc-en-ciel

Tu m'as laissé au monde, tu m'as quitté
Ici, entre des eaux jumelles,
Le sang dans le chant s'ébat
Pour s'échapper
de bermuda triangle
aqua dolce aquae salinae
logos percé
et encens oint en cachette
de l'instance étrangère – à elle-même?

alourdi par la substance
Ta faute à Toi
je l'ai vécue sept fois
Avec l'espoir de l'éteindre.

De nous-mêmes

Il n'est pas trop tard pour entendre en voyant
Nous menons les guerres de nos vaincus
de parents en parents
partie de Un
en jubilant dans des calendriers achroniques
écrits en traces de sang dans le ciel
– les élus étant tristes comme
la terre inhabitée du verbe –
hélas et heureux les
survivants aux trahisons intérieures
aux décapitations des premiers rois
aux anges déchus
avec leurs implants et boutures
de génies de la palingénésie
des morts cycliques par la photon-synthèse
par la vaine ascèse du monde
nous ne savons plus qui nous sommes

nous réveillerons-nous demain matin, peut-être,
sans la peur de ce qui adviendra
ici, dans le délire des sous quanta

Amen?

Le poème de la trinité de dieu

Là, dans la somme de l'utopie sacrée,
Ils se succèdent sans cesse à travers le siècle
L'être ne ressuscite pas en simulacre
Ni le devenir en l'archétype de la panacée.

Car l'unique mystère étant le Mystère
Il se cache à lui-même perçant des espaces vifs
A travers le logos coule le ciel indicible
Duquel tombent comme des anges les fautifs.

Descentes, lignées, greffons,
De la lumière désireuse des méga chakras
L'œil composé par des lignées d'essaims
Du Temps, à vue perpétuelle dans les lacres.

Milliardièmes de soleils, le Soi Divin
est dans l'éclat de l'étincelle qui le soutient.
Par sa mort ressuscitant, comme le Mal du Bien?

Nous sommes tristes dans les saints crépuscules
Car l'âme fait son retour dans l'arc-en-ciel
Ce fut écrit, la Trinité de Dieu
La mort est uhronie*! Ami fidele.

---

uhronie = ce qui ne peut pas être

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